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We Cordially Invite

Visitors to the FALL CELEBRATION to call and see us while in our city. We will give them a hospitable welcome, and show them all the sights to be seen in our very interesting exhibition of READY-MADE CLOTHING, for MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN. We undertake to make it both pleasant and profitable to all who will pay us a visit, and examine our stock—which we, at all times, take great pleasure in showing—and our Prices which are marked in plain figures on each garment.

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regular customers than large profits, on the Clothes we sell. We try to treat a man the First Time, so that he will Come Back. When goods do not give entire satisfaction, we cheerfully exchange, or Refund the money. Mail Orders will get prompt attention, and goods will be sent C. O. D. subject to examination, when express charges, both ways are sent with the order.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York.

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The only Certain and Effectual Cure for Chills and Fever, Intermittent, Remittent, Bilious and Malarial Fever, Dumb Ague, Swamp Fever and all Diseases originating from a Torpid Liver or Malaria.

Perfectly harmless, contains no Arsenic or Quinine and can be given to the most delicate person with perfect safety. As a Tonic for Tired Feeling, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Nervous Depression and all other ailments, it is unequalled. Give Express and Post Office, it costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address H. C. ROOT, M.C., 163 Pearl St., New York.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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When you want to set a fine table, buy your glassware, glassware and cutlery of Jno. D. Babbage, where you will always find the latest and most complete stock in the city.

The Streets of the City

SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY, SEPT. 15, BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

His Text: "Wisdom crieth without: She uttereth her voice in the streets."—A Discourse That Was Listened to by a Vast Crowd of People.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 15.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today to a vast congregation on "The City Streets." His text was: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." Prov. i, 20. He said:

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The spring time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing war against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your merchandise, and your mechanism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no truths of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped; and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

LIFE IS FULL OF LABOR.

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks and a rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a load of bricks, or with a load of goods, digging a collar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work: work! work! while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity, with stern brow and with uplifted whip, stands over them ready whenever they relax their toil to make their shoulders sting with the lash. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh! how many drooping heads, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what wretchedness, what pangs, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes were littering and you, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned sea, and as the waves are tossed and turned, so the lives of the multitudes are tossed and turned. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shade is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the loss, all the suffering, all the bereavement of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. Then in the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with

whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart broken. That is the man, that is the woman, and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: 'I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor souls of the street, ye did it to me.'"

THE STREETS ARE FREE TO ALL.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sun-burned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The advertisement reads: "Come down from your stately rovers and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying acids and salts, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes rub against the faded street. The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to go up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

HARD TO KEEP THE HEART RIGHT.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. In the temptations, springing upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion. Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation. In the maelstroms of the street, how many makequack and eternal shipwreck. If a man of war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard, and he looks at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the mast head. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharp shooting of business life, and yet sells on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept telling in their faces. If I had an ax, and could split open the beams of that house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of the poor man's sweat. Oh! it is strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion! All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

THE SHAMS OF LIFE.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two faces. Do all people who wear a good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all who want to see you ask you to call? Does all the world know him as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down these streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretenses? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk. While fops simper, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courteous and the libertine go down the

street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflicts of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

A FIELD FOR CHARITY.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness, in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most ban. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir; I can't read, nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your money, and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along, the horses' hoofs trample you in the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated in a doorway in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting—I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why?" said the man; "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear; though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said so, and I am waiting for her to come." O, yes, they are waiting for you. Men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

LASTLY, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I met expectancy written on almost every face I met between here and Brooklyn Bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on our streets I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are a crush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toll. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal life glowing in every vein they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. They take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh! start for it today. Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

Child a friend in private and praise him in public.—Solon.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Wood pavement lasts about seven years in streets where the traffic is heavy.

While the east has been drenched and soaked and flooded, the "dry spell of 1889" will go down in the history of the far west.

A society has been started in London to promote the development of the science of mesmerism and of the application of hypnotism to practical medicine.

It is said that Paris, when full, can accommodate nearly four millions of people.

A little boy came to this sentence in his reading lesson: "There is a worm; do not tread on him." He read it thus, to his teacher's great surprise: "There is a warm doughnut; tread on him."

Stow says that Richard Mathews, on the Fleet bridge, London, was the first Englishman who made fine knives, etc., and that he obtained a prohibition of foreign ones in 1563.

Visitors in Paris comment upon the great amount of buildings and restoration now in progress in all parts of the city. Some of the new structures are exceedingly handsome and of a style of architecture quite new in the city.

The attraction for visitors abroad in 1890 will be an exhibition of food and comestible delicacies at Berlin, for which preparations are already being made.

In France they now use for steam and water pipe joints, gaskets made of wood pulp, which are boiled in lye. They give satisfactory results, and are not subject to decomposition at high temperature.

A party of fossil hunters are having good luck in the North Fork country of Oregon. They have found the bones of small horses, with three toes on each foot, rhinoceros skulls and other bones that show, as they think, that Oregon had a tropical climate before the glaciers came down from the north and covered the land miles deep with ice.

New enterprises, to the number of 2,615, were organized in the south during the first six months of this year, representing a capital of \$108,983,000, as against 2,023 new enterprises, investing \$81,508,000 during the first six months of 1888.

It looks as though France was the greatest country for horse racing in the world. For Sunday three weeks ago twenty-five meetings were advertised, and for the following Sunday twenty. It should be remembered, though, for comparison, that the French concentrate their racing on Sunday, while England and America run during the week.

A Waterloo veteran began his 101st year lately in the province of Parana, Brazil. The Germans in the neighborhood assembled to do him honor, and took a crown of laurels on his head, which, by the way, is not yet bald.

The California papers say that the brig Natalia, which foundered in the harbor of Monterey in 1834, is to be raised, or at least what is left of her copper sheathing is to be brought to the surface. It is said that this is the same vessel that brought Napoleon back to France from the Isle of Elba in 1815.

Two ounces of pulverized borax, two ounces of gum camphor, broken in small pieces, one quart of boiling water, is said to be efficacious in removing and preventing dandruff. Bottle and cork tightly. Before each time of using strain a small quantity and dilute with an equal portion of water. Apply to the head with a flannel cloth or with the hands. Wash the head and hair afterward with soft water.

A New York policeman recently arrested a Greek who peddled flowers in the street in his native costume of a flowing jacket and pointed baggy trousers. He was followed by a crowd of boys. The policeman charged that he was but "half dressed." He was permitted to depart from court after putting on a pair of American trousers.

Careme's favorite dish was bullock's liver and onions. Dr. Johnson's favorite dishes were a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie with plum and sugar, and the outside cut of a salt buttered beef. These were somewhat coarse, but many of us would have joined issue with the great bear when, during the second course, he called for the butter boat of lobster sauce and poured its contents over his plum pudding.

To remove warts, rub several times with the half of an onion dipped in salt.

Patting and smoothing down a dish of mashed potatoes damages their flavor and texture.

About 2300 B. C., when Emperor Yan gave the order for the observation of the meridian stars, is thought to be the beginning of Chinese astronomy.

Olive oil saturated with camphor makes an excellent application for inflammatory swellings; also for rubbing rheumatic joints.

If you have sick or nervous headache, take Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They will cleanse the stomach, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, remove effete matter (the presence of which depresses the nerves and brain), and thus gives speedy relief.

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8 Tickets gives you a Silver Plated Sugar Shell, worth.....	\$ 1 00
10 Tickets gives you a Butter Knife, worth.....	\$ 1 25
12 Tickets gives you a new style Lace Pin, worth.....	\$ 1 50
25 Tickets gives you a set of Roger's Tea spoons, worth.....	\$ 3 00
35 Tickets gives you a set of Roger's Knives, worth.....	\$ 3 75
50 Tickets gives you a set of Roger's Forks, worth.....	\$ 5 00
100 Tickets gives you a set of Roger's Tablespoons, worth.....	\$ 6 00

Please come and see the goods, and show this Ticket to your friends. We give the choice of anything in our well-assorted Jewelry Department.

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CARRIES THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

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The Latest and Most Improved Style of Refrigerators. I carry the Latest and Prettiest designs in Chamber Lounges at prices that will astonish you. Remember this: All goods sold cheaper than any other house in the Green River Region.

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